Weſt. Why? he is both King and Duke of Lancaſter,
And that the Earle of *Weſtmerland* ſhall maintaine.
War. And *Warwicke* ſhall diſproue it. You forget
That we are thoſe that chac'd you from the field
And ſlew your father, and with colours ſpred
Marcht through the Citty to the Pallas gates.
North. No *Warwicke*, I remember't to my greefe:
And by his ſoule, thou and thy houſe ſhall rew it.
Weſt. *Plantagenet* of thee and of thy ſonnes,
Thy kinſmen and thy friends, Ile haue more liues,
Then drops of blood were in my fathers veines.
Clif. Vrge it no more, leaſt in reuenge thereof,
I ſend thee *Warwicke* ſuch a meſſenger,
As ſhall reuenge his death before I ſtirre.
War. Poore *Clifford*, how I ſcorne thy worthleſſe threats.
Yorke. Will ye we ſhew our Title to the Crowne,
Or elſe our ſwords ſhall pleade it in the field?
King. What Title haſt thou Traitor to the Crowne?
Thy Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke:
Thy Grand-father *Roger Mortimer* Earle of March.
I am the ſonne of *Henry* the fift, who tam'd the French,
And made the Dolphin ſtoope, and ſeiz'd vpon
Their Townes and Prouinces.
War. Talke not of France ſince thou haſt loſt it all.
King. The Lord Protector loſt it, and not I,
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
Rich. Y'are old enough now, and yet methinkes you loſe:
Father, teare the Crowne from the Vſurpers head.
Edw. Do ſo ſweet father, ſet it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as thou lou'ſt and honour'ſt armes,
Let's fight it out, and not ſtand cauilling thus.
Rich. Sound Drums and Trumpets, and the King will flye.
Yorke. Peace ſonnes.
North. Peace thou, and giue King *Henry* leaue to ſpeake.
King. Ah *Plantagenet*, why ſeek'ſt thou to depoſe me?
Are we not both *Plantagenets* by birth?
And from two brothers lineally deſcent?

Suppoſe by right and equity thou be King:
Thinkſt thou, that I will leaue my Kingly ſeate,
Wherein my Father, and my Grandſire ſate?
No, firſt ſhall warre vnpeople this my Realme,
I and our Colours often borne in France,
And now in England (to our hearts great ſorrow)
Shall be my winding ſheet. Why faint you Lords?
My Titles better farre than his.
War. Proue it *Henry*, and thou ſhalt be King.
King. Why *Henry* the fourth by conqueſt got the Crowne.
Yorke. 'Twas by rebellion gainſt his Soueraigne.
King. I know not what to ſay, my Titles weake,
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heire?
War. What then?
King. Then am I lawfull King. For *Richard*
The ſecond, in the view of many Lords,
Reſign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the fourth,
Whoſe heire my Father was, and I am his.
Yorke. I tell thee he roſe againſt him being his Soueraigne,
And made him to reſigne the Crowne perforce.
War. Suppoſe my Lord he did it vnconſtrain'd,
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne?
Exet. No, for he could not ſo reſigne the Crowne,
But that the next heyre muſt ſucceede and reigne.
King. Art thou againſt vs Duke of Exeter?
Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
King. All will reuolt from me, and turne to him.
North. *Plantagenet*, for all the claime thou laiſt,
Thinke not King *Henry* ſhall be thus depoſde.
War. Depoſd he ſhall be in deſpight of thee.
Nor. Tuſh *Warwicke*, thou art deceiu'd:
Tis not thy Southerne powers of Eſſex, Suffolke, Norfolke,
And Kent, that makes thee thus preſumptuous and proud,
Can ſet the Duke vp in deſpight of me.
Clif. King *Henry* be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence.
May that ground gape and ſwallow me aliue,